

St. George Day STORY BOOK

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

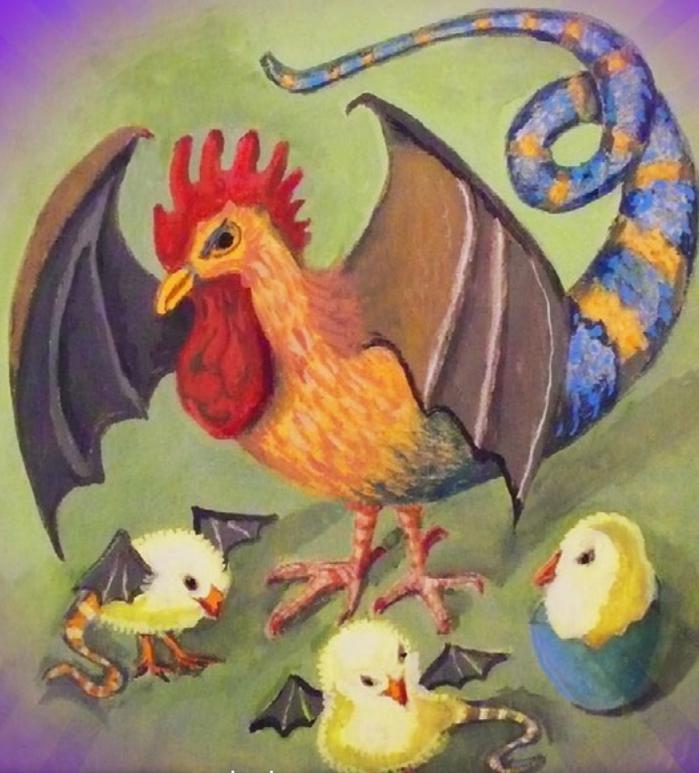


TOMPKINSVILLE PARK, STATEN ISLAND, PLANET EARTH

A New Legend

IT'S TIME for all of us to replace the old legends of St. George *slaying* the Dragon with new models of cooperation, problem-solving and human ingenuity, bringing creativity to difficult situations.

A New World... *if you want it*



ST GEORGE DAY STORYBOOK produced at EVERY THING GOES BOOK CAFE AND NEIGHBORHOOD STAGE by Stvjns Daughs, Katie McCarthy and Jenny Lytton, and printed at MCKEE HIGH SCHOOL by Leo Gordon and students. All contents of this book are property of each author/artist, who have offered to include their work and help raise needed funds to create this festival. **THIS FESTIVAL** is also made possible in part by a DCA Art Fund Grant from the Council on the Arts & Humanities for Staten Island, with public funding from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs; major help from the Every Thing Goes Stores and GrowNYC, Open Art Surgery, New York City Compost Project on Staten Island, Deep Tanks Studio, Make.SI, NYC Parks Dept, Westerleigh Folk Festival, and **CATPAW**, the Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy. Yay! to all who participate; to all who bought ads in this book making this level of festivity feasible.

COVER IMAGE: JULIA SIMONIELLO

IMAGE THIS PAGE: BY SHERYL HUMPHREY

2013

St. George Day Festival

**AN EARTHDAY AND ARTS FESTIVAL
CELEBRATING COMMUNITY AND DRAGONS**

This book is a venue for prose, poetry and artwork organized and produced as part of the St. George Day Festival. Together with the festival's other free venues — the music stage, spoken word stage, kid stage, earth awareness projects, art-around-the-park do-it-yourself galleries, street exhibits, local authors, craft making areas and live art facilities — it is an opportunity to share and celebrate our expanding community's creative ingenuity and our freedom to choose a new world. This festival is a beginners attempt toward a co-operative culture. The ads in the book serve by raising funds for the inevitable cash expenses.

Please support the festival advertisers!

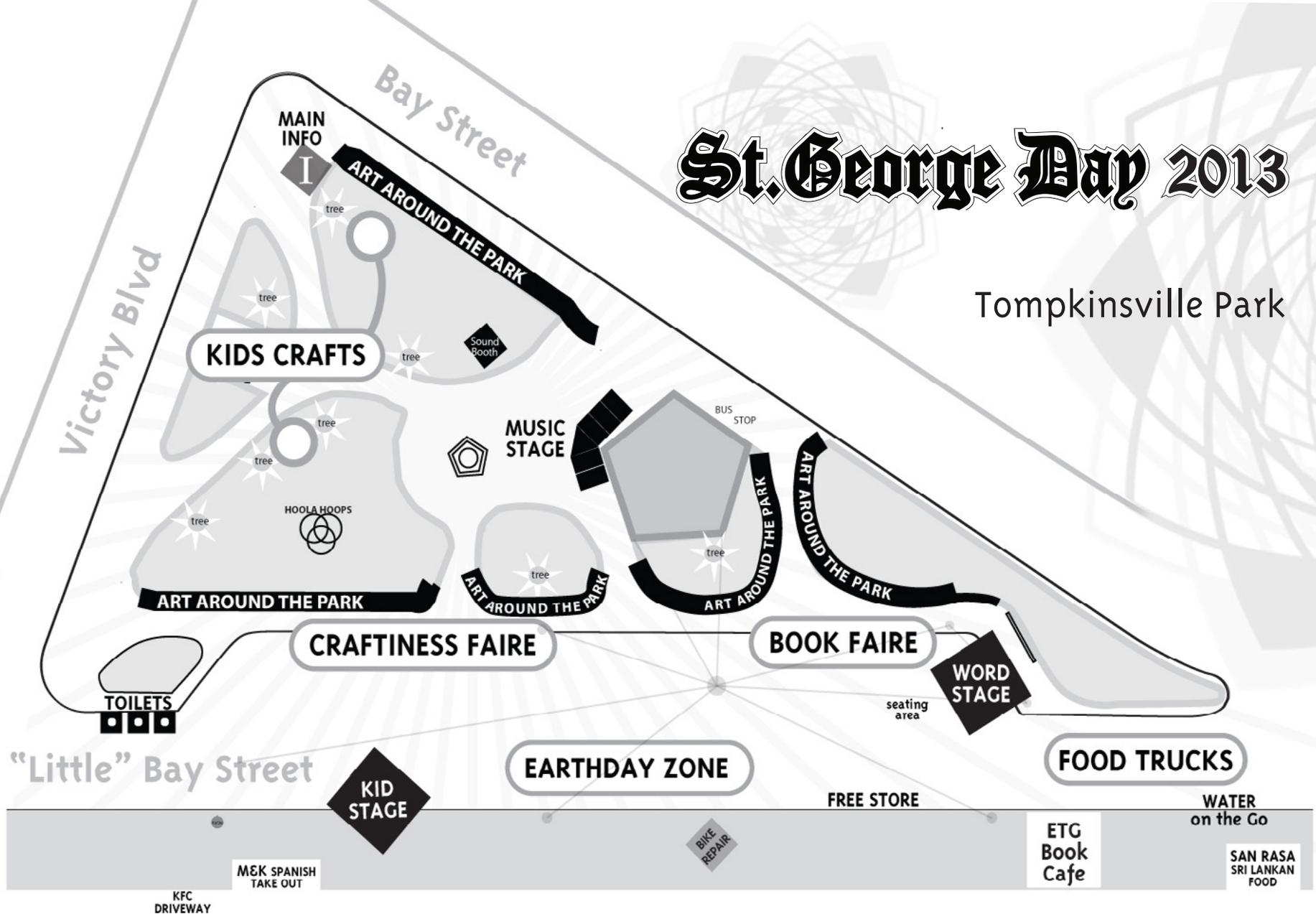
Thanks all who contributed artwork, writing, and publication skills to create this book!

volunteer your life force for what you love

IMAGE: EZAIR BEAUSOLEIL and ALEX CERATOPS and STVJNS DAUGHS

St. George Day 2013

Tompkinsville Park



CATPAW (Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy) is a local volunteer group that strives to assist happenings in Tompkinsville Park in co-operation with the NYC Parks Dept. and other community groups. Besides the St. George Day Festival, CATPAW also has been helping to produce a Winter Light event in December, including the illuminated Star Of Wonder suspended between the trees near Victory Blvd.



This festival is possible only by the cooperation of community volunteers in the spirit of goodwill. Thank you to the tireless organization team who gardened this production process: **Katie McCarthy, Jenny Lytton-Hirsch, Stvjns Daughs, Jackie Juntonen, Tanya Acevedo, Andrew Blancero, Michael Reiser, Frank Gessner, Brett Copp, Hiroko Otani, Sarah Benalene Kittinger McArthur, Gary Moore, Ann Marie Selzer, Ray Pape and Bill Teague.**

THE TRUE STORY OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

by The Dragon

Dragons live a very long time, and so the past seems much closer to us than it does to you. It's the same with starfish, redwood trees and certain turtles. The events surrounding George and the Tompkinsville fountain are therefore still very fresh in my mind.

I like people very much. But I do have to say that I find you to be very complex creatures! When I was a child I learned this nursery rhyme from an old badger who lived near our cave:

Beavers and bees – industrious,
Peacocks – quite overrated,
Badgers and butterflies – illustrious,
People and cats – complicated.

Well, I have certainly found that to be true of you. For example, you humans have so many facial expressions! You can be crying and smiling and sneering all at the same time. And you always seem to be wanting everything and its opposite.

This nursery rhyme from the zebras puts it perhaps a little more bluntly:

The unicorn, he has his horn,
The llama has his mama,
For the dragon – fiery breath,
While the human loves his drama. ... →



In any case, many years ago I lived in a pod of about 20 dragons in a cave on the South Side of Staten Island. There were small black bats living in the cave with us as well, and a lovely bear family. We all got along famously.

The Tompkinsville watering hole was the big attraction then — a very special place. The way you people value and rank your wines, so we do with water. And the Tompkinsville watering hole was the finest water there was, so sweet and so cool. And that is why when it came time for us dragons to move on from the cave I chose to stay behind. I made friends with the squirrels and the deer and a seagull named Cornelius and we all shared the watering hole together with the raccoons and the people and all the other creatures.

Now we dragons have big bellies and we hold our water for a long time. For that reason, we only need to drink once a year. According to legend, in ancient times a herd of North African camels challenged us to a water-holding contest. They say it took 37 camel humps worth of water to match the belly of one dragon. However, we also like to say, “Full belly, fire warms. Empty belly, fire burns.” That is because while we only rarely need to drink, if we don’t drink when we need to then our fire builds up in our throats and parches us.

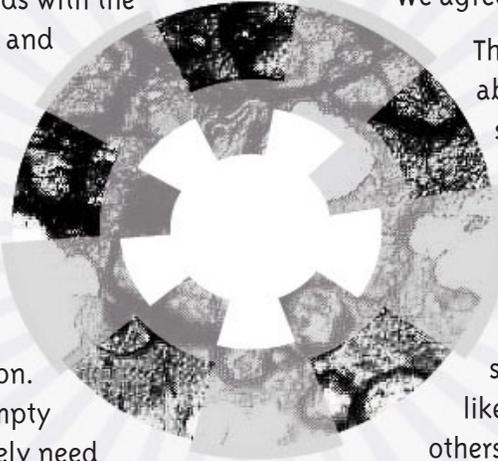
I remember many wonderful and peaceful years at the watering hole, but there came a time when more and more people came to live by the fountain. Now I would not say that in my experience people are necessarily more aggressive or worse at sharing than other creatures, but you do sometimes make such a big and unnecessary fuss about things. As the fountain became

more overcrowded, you paved over the town square, blocked access to the water for the rest of us, then started harassing us all with your sticks and stones, and generally flew about like sea fairies in a hurricane (a frightful sight if you’ve ever seen it). What were you so angry about and frightened of? Really, there was plenty for everybody.

Now seagulls can be very resourceful and it was Cornelius’s idea for all the creatures to get together and make a collective plan for how to approach the humans about access to the fountain. We agreed to meet in my cave because it was spacious and warm.

The discussion was spirited. The squirrels chattered on as usual about “cooperation” and “dialogue.” The bunnies were too skittish to participate, but the raccoons agreed to speak on their behalf about their issues of safety and security. The deer put on a small play they had written called “Peaceful Coexistence for All.” Occasionally one of the young ravens would shout “Let’s peck their bloody eyes out!”, but, really, they always said things like that. The pigeons, who only speak in haiku, offered sentiments like “passive resistance/ like pooping on their laundry/might be best approach.” A few others, a minority really (mostly the coyotes), thought it might be more fun to see the humans burnt to a crisp. Then we got word from the robins that the humans had become desperate and had chosen a man named George to confront me here in my cave the next day.

I was at a loss. I felt that I had no authority, no interest, no capacity and no talent to represent all of the animals in this negotiation.

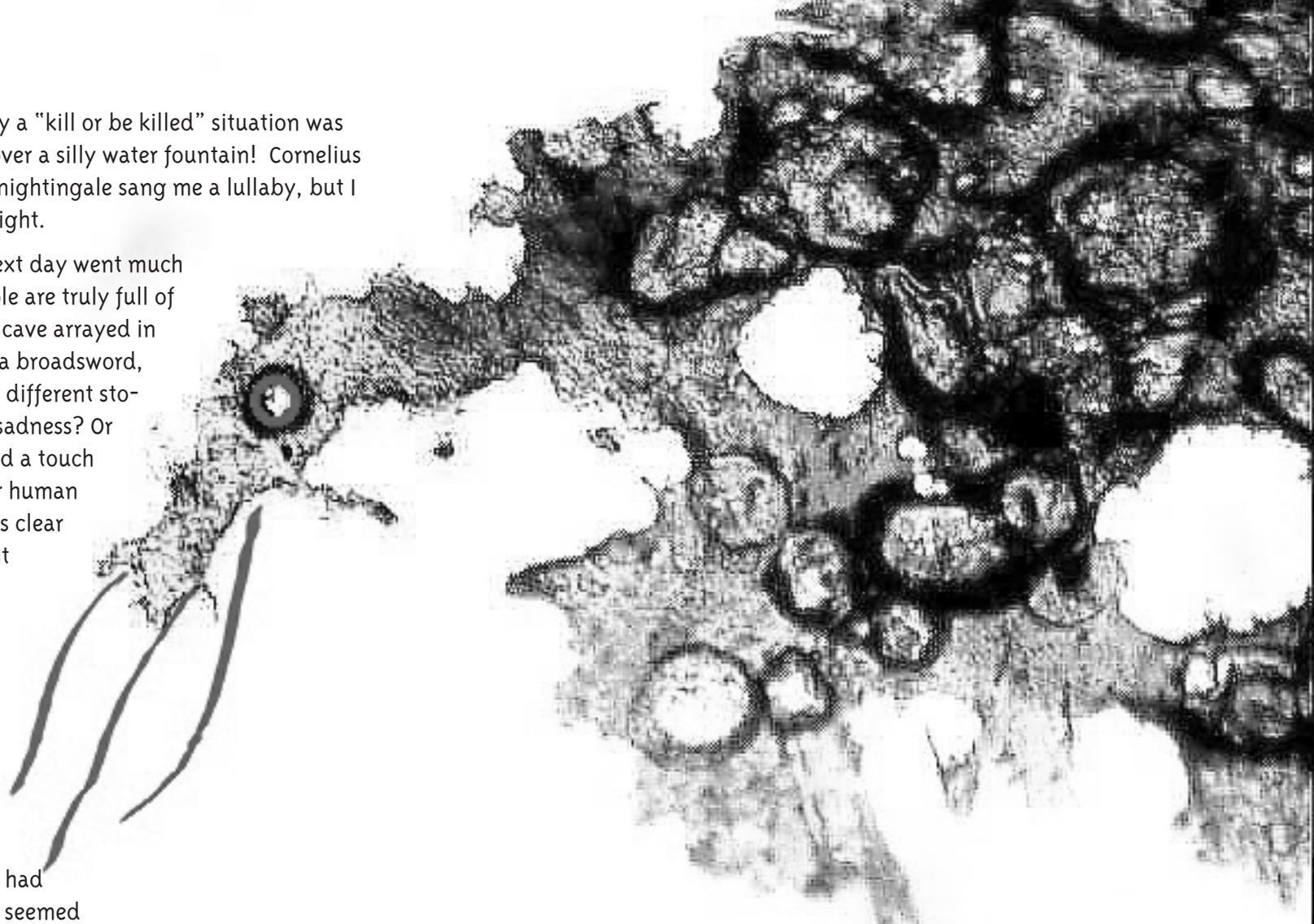




The fact that this was apparently a “kill or be killed” situation was also quite unpleasant. And all over a silly water fountain! Cornelius read me a bedtime story and a nightingale sang me a lullaby, but I still had trouble sleeping that night.

And yet, the encounter the next day went much better than expected. You people are truly full of surprises. George arrived at my cave arrayed in full battle gear with armor and a broadsword, but his expression told a wholly different story. Regret mixed with fear and sadness? Or was it humility, compassion, and a touch of longing? I think only another human would know precisely. But it was clear that George was just as reluctant to hurt me as I was to hurt him, and we seemed to feel a kind of instinctual kinship with one another. How we communicated I don't remember, but I somehow suggested that there was plenty of water to go around if the humans were careful using only what they needed, and that they certainly had nothing to fear from us. George seemed amenable to that idea, and so it went. And the drama all went up, as we dragons say, in a puff of smoke.

And so in the years that followed, we all went back to sharing the fountain. I was even granted my own annual access on my own special day, which you now celebrate as St. George Day. According to our legend, the event ushered in 1000 years of perfect peace and harmony among all beings. Rather unrealistic? Yes, but I prefer it to your own legend of murder, slaying and betrayal. Really, where do you come up with such things!?



I think the pigeons put it best:

George and the Dragon
When two gentle giants meet
There's no need for swords



MICROSCOPE IMAGE: ERIC LYTTON-HIRSCH

THE LAND WE HAVE

Lindsey had never seen the city, though she looked for it every day. She impatiently kicked through the piles of sodden plastic bags and soda cans that littered the beach as she tried to make out the steel spires her mother talked about with such reverence. No luck. All she could see was a thick wall of heavy grey soot and the milk cartons that floated lazily on the stagnant bay.

Maybe her mother had dreamed The City into existence or perhaps she had invented the mythology to entertain her children. Lindsey couldn't say but her mother insisted that The City was a place where all was possible and magic roamed free. In The City, bread grew right out of the golden sidewalks and deities rubbed shoulders with school teachers. Mother said everything would be right if they could just get off the island and into The City.

Of course, Lindsey's mother, like everyone on the island, had never gotten out, so the outside world was anyone's guess. Some of the old ones said there used to be bridges made from the bones of giants and boats powered by plant spirits that allowed people to leave the island. But others said this was all just superstition. In the end, Lindsey figured she'd leave it to the preachers and the elders to debate the finer points of what might have been and what still might be. She had enough to do searching the beach and the bay for the lost and forgotten things that Mother might be able to sell in her ramshackle shop.

As she kicked through the leavings of the high tide she came upon a mountain of tin cans, broken glass, and Styrofoam that stood twice as high as her own head. Absentmindedly she began to poke away at the pile with an old piece of pipe. The small mountain



seemed to be swaying a little. Growing more curious now, Lindsey kept clawing away at the hill of trash. Suddenly, her pipe hit something hard amid all the mush of plastic and pulpy trash. Hoping for a big find, Lindsey put down her pipe and began to tear away at the trash pile using her two hands.

The pile shifted and began to shake. Lindsey backed up and scrambled to grab for her pipe but before she could reach it she tripped on a pile of formless plastic and stared up in shock as the

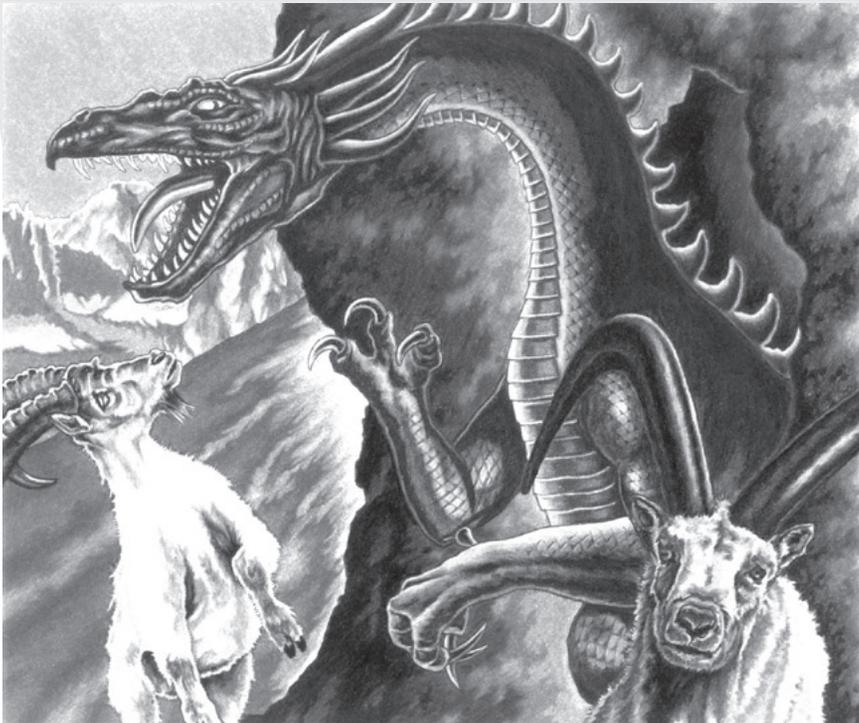


IMAGE: RON CHIRONA



mountain of trash became a creature covered in greenish grey scales with wings longer than a human. Lindsey had seen animals before but only those of the cockroach and rat variety. This was something new. Her eyes grew wide with shock and her mind filled with a confused roar of fear and awe. The creature brushed away the last of the trash and daintily picked off a plastic bag that still clung to its wing.

The animal took stock of its surroundings and Lindsey swore it looked disappointed as it took in the hillocks of trash and crumbling grey buildings. Suddenly the creature seemed to notice her and jumped a little in surprise. It quickly recovered, though, and lifted a wing to tentatively point at Lindsey. The creature breathed in raspy English, "girrrrrlllllll, iss all well? You are hurrrrrrrrt?" Surprised, but somewhat reassured, Lindsey shakily stood and said, "Oh, no! No, I was just surprised."

After an awkward pause as both the human and the creature tried to figure out what to say next, Lindsey offered her hand and said, "I'm Lindsey." The creature offered its claw and rasped out, "I am Drrrrrrragon, meeting you is good, I think. Lindssaaay, Tell me wherrrrre are the otherrrrsssss of my kind? Arrrrre they herrrrre?"

"Here?" laughed Lindsey still giddy from the discovery of this beautiful creature that was apparently making a joke. "No! We have none of your kind here. We have not even seen a cat or a dog since the time of my mother's mother." Dragon shrunk back in disappointment. Lindsey realized the creature had not been making a joke but was voicing a real and long believed hope. "But the scholarrrrsssss in The Ccccity. They sssaid The Island was a placce of magic and a home to my kind. I could not fly herrrrre because of the ssssmog but I sssswam for many nightsssss and I am now herrrrre and you tell me I am sssstill alone?"

"The City! You are from The City? Why would you ever leave such a place?" Dragon shook its head sadly, "Why would I sssstay? It is all shatterred glasssss and ssssoot. The ccccity is a dying land. I ssssseek grrrrrrreen forrrrestsss, clearrrr waterrrrr, and my people's trrrruthsssss."





IMAGE: RON CHIRONA



“My mother says The City is rich with sorcery and bounty. You mean to say the City is just as worn out and used up as the island? What of magic?”

Dragon looked North to where The City stood hidden in its thick blanket of streaked smog. “I have ssseen no magic. If therrrrre is no magic herrrrre on The Island, then I know not wherrrrre it might be.”

Lindsey thought for a moment, and then looked up defiantly to the sad face of her new friend. “Dragon, if all the lands are broken then it is time to stop dreaming of better ones. We must work to fix those in which we find ourselves. I know you hoped to find more of your own kind here — and there are none. But you did find me. Will you stand with me? Together we can talk to the people and maybe we can all work to bring back the forests and maybe the magic will come back if the land is pure again.”

Dragon looked out at the stained waters and then back to the proud figure of this small human child. “That isssss many maybessss, little one. Therrrrre is much to do. Thisssss isssss no ssssmall tasssssk. The land isssss verrrry sssick.”

“I know, Dragon. But together we are many.”

“Yes,” Dragon agreed, nodding and looking to the island, “togetherrrrr we are many.”



THE RACE

The dragon was a-walking on the road, from way over there.
The green flowers bloom. Blue mist, ruby fruits blossom,
creatures roam. And that Dragon is exploring down the road.

Shiny fire from the sky making rainbows, flapping birdies
beaking happy little tweets. Big old Dragon looking round.
Something make a funny sound — it's a Human looking AT you
WATCH OUT!

"What's you doing Human? Do you love this place?
Don't you know, you're an Earthling too?
Just like all the rest of us!"

The Human looking out from his mind, looking out through the
holes in his head, sees the Dragon wing shade, the heat from his
face, and the Big Eye looking deep in his soul.

His soul. His soul. His soul.

"What's you doing Human?"

The human blinked his funny little face.
"Gonna win this race."



ERIC LYTTON-HIRSCH & DAVID KUNIN

(found in a cave near Tompkinsville)

The St. George Onion



Staten Island's Finest News Source

DRAGON BURNS NEWS CONFERENCE TO A CRISP

NEW YORK - A news conference, held today near the dragon's cave, ended in flames when the dragon burnt several news teams to a crisp. "You people are asking too many questions," Dragon declared, just prior to incinerating 3 major network crews, several newspaper reporters, and a writer from People magazine. The question that triggered the dragon was asked by a reporter from The Daily News, who inquired about the rumors that the dragon had romantic feelings for the princess.



LIBRARIAN ACCUSES KING OF FIXING LOTTERY

CLIFTON - The lottery that has been held for years to determine which maiden will be sacrificed to the dragon has been tainted with a scandalous accusation. Enid Sorenson, the town librarian, has accused the King of fixing the lottery in order that his daughter is not fed to the dragon. "I saw him pick his daughter's number, and then throw it back in the bin!" accused the feisty old lady. She went on to "demand a do-over" and called on her fellow townspeople not to let the king get away with this just because he was rich and controlled the army.



CHILD'S DRAWING OF DRAGON SELLS FOR \$17.5 MILLION GOLD PIECES



IMAGE: ABRAHAM KUNIN-FENTON

AREA MAN HEROICALLY RUNS AWAY RATHER THAN CONFRONT THE DRAGON

STAPLETON - Some town residents are applauding village cobbler Charles Wilson for turning tail and fleeing upon hearing the announcement that the dragon might make an appearance at the Tompkinsville watering hole later this afternoon. "Hooray for Charles!" declared townsman Phillip Smith. "We're sick of George making us all look like sissies and fools. Hey, Charles makes us look like studs and awesome dudes just for sticking around. Seriously, this guy, like, took off without even SEEING the dragon. OK, I myself have been too scared to actually face the dragon, but I don't just go running away AT THE MERE MENTION of the dragon. C'MON!!!" "Compared to Charles we are all heroes. Seriously, that dude is one sick cowardly dude" said area resident Harry Johns. "That's why we've nominated him for Sainthood." Since there is already a St. Charles, residents appealed to the Vatican to dub their new hero St. Chuck. They also asked that St. George be renamed St. George The Annoying Show-Off Who Thinks He's So Brave But It's Really Enough Already.

DRAGON CHALLENGES ANTI-SMOKING ORDINANCE

ROSEBANK - A spokesman for the Dragon announced today that the Dragon would legally challenge the Zoning Board's recent anti-smoking ordinance, claiming it was just another veiled attempt to prevent the Dragon from drinking at the public fountain. The ordinance prohibits any individual "from smoking cigarettes, cigars, pipes or any other tobacco-related substances, or breathing fire or anything else incendiary, or of being a creature capable of breathing fire" within 100 feet of the fountain. "They're not fooling anyone, this is meant to single out the Dragon." said the spokesman. "It's almost as bad as last year's Village Aviation Administration's so-called "no-fly zone." Cigarettes haven't even been invented yet and won't be for another 900 years. For that matter, zoning boards won't even come into existence until the 19th century." Administrative Law Court Judge Roger Wilkins was scheduled to rule on the case yesterday, but recused himself when it was pointed out that Administrative Law courts would not, in fact, make their first appearance for another millennium.



CARTOON IMAGES: MARIEL AVEDON

WE ALWAYS LISTEN

We always listen to our mothers
 Just because they know a thing or two about security blankets
 And about waiting for the sun to come out
 It's not only the stutters that travel us to the battle of civilization
 It is the power of potential

What's it like to look forward to the first few steps of the day?
 Or make a dream come true?
 You know the hope to wish upon a star?
 It's the same thing.

You know I don't know what I'm talking about
 But I know I'm trying to send a little more than a message
 And attract you like a magnet to the granddaddy of
 Your favorite days
 That meant something to you, to us.
 But it just seems some get it a bit too late.





FRIENDSHIP

Towards the end of a beautiful day at Dragonland where there was laughter and cheer that filled the urban city with gleam. Nevertheless, all but one dragon seemed to have lost his striking puff. In that part of town where the chatter of buses, grumbles of trains are swooning by, cars cluttering the streets with beeps and it all seems to be a normal day — yet, a little dragon about 11 years old was standing before the playground where other dragons were playing happily as any normal day — but it seemed like no one took notice of him as if he never existed.

All of a sudden a big dragon named Wishful asked him, “Why aren’t you playing with the rest of the other dragons?” and the 11-year-old replied, “I would love to play and be a part of the fun but I don’t have any friends nor has anyone ever asked me to join them...” As the little boy carried on, he told Wishful, “I have been coming to this park since I was 4 years old and every time I try to be a part of the fun or invite myself to a game I have been told, ‘...you are not invited...’ And with the other dragons’ reproach week after week, I have learned nobody cares for me.” He continued on by saying, “I am poor and I live with my grandparents who can’t afford nice clothes for me and they can’t buy me a simple ball.”

So Wishful took him by his wings and flew unto the playground. He said, “From this day forward, you will play and here is my ball that I will give to you. You shouldn’t feel bad not having it all but you do have a friend in me and most of all you have YOU! You have courage and precision to NOT give up. You see, for you to keep coming to this playground you were wishing to be a part of a team so now you will be a part of your own team.” So for the next three months Wishful and the young dragon played at the playground and other young dragons took notice and wanted to join their fun so that soon more little dragons became friends with the 11-year-old and before you know it, all of Dragonland was filled with laughter and joy and the 11-year-old had so many friends to play with from that day forward.

The moral of the story is never judge a book by its cover. All should treat everyone with kindness and respect. If we learn to accept those who are less fortunate and not be so judgmental you will never experience the joy of friendship. The End!





IMAGE: MARY SIGONA www.bizarremoonart.com

A DIALOGUE

The Lady:

Dragon,
What do you see when you spit fire?
What do you feel?
Is it fear of extinction?
Do you threaten your violator?
Do you expand your territory?
Do you share the gift of fire?

Tell me!

I know what fear feels like
Fear of extinction
I remember being violated and vowing
Never to go through that again
I know the feel of comfort and safety of a larger territory
On account of another nation
I tried to share gifts that burnt others

Talk to me!

The Dragon:

I am a dragon.
I have no understanding of my actions
I fear the consequences of my up bursts
I feel remorse for moments of lunacy.
I am not like you.

Help me!

The Lady:

I am not a dragon, and yet there is dragon in me
You are a dragon, and there is sanity in you.
Lets find it together.

Don't give up!



•••➔

The Dragon:

I am a dragon. When I look in the pool I see a monster.

The Lady:

You are a dragon. When I look at you I see a prince.

The Dragon:

How can you see me a prince? Prince has no scales.

The Lady:

Prince comes in many forms. I love you. I love your form.
The one I love is a prince. My prince has scales.

The Dragon:

What is it? Another episode of The Beauty and the Beast? Wake up!
Run for your life!

The Lady:

You have to wake up. You are not a monster. You are a dragon.
Dragon has beauty and power, passion and intelligence.
Dragon has the grace of flight and the courage of heart.
Dragon, we have known each other for some years now,
I did let you keep your mask, but I dare you to take it off.
Let go of your nightmare and wake up to the beauty of reality.
Open your heart to the love that I offer you.

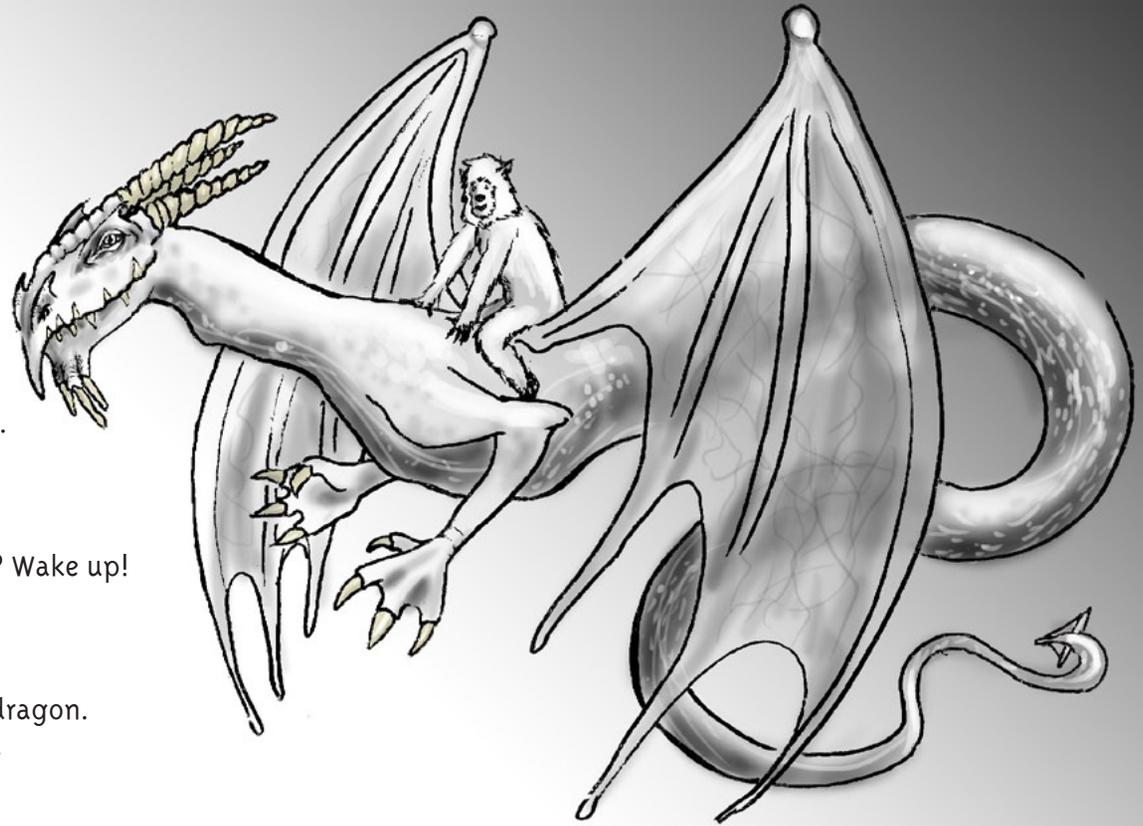
The Dragon:

I dare you to go for a flight on my wings! Could you do that?

The Lady:

I always wanted you to ask me! May I? It will be so much fun!
Let's go!

And Up they went and round and round and round 'til the dragon
transformed his heart from seeing a monster to seeing a prince.
The one she always saw.



Haiku by JACLYN LURKER

DRAGON'S AGENDA

Toasting marshmallows
Guarding the maidens' honor
Heating George's meal



DRAGON RIDER

Have you heard about the dragon rider?
I ride the dragon everyday. Some days it's very subtle, other days it's very dangerous. The dragon is my monster and it takes its toll. Most days lately I can keep it at bay. But still I always ride the dragon. It may never go away. It's my mind's choice.

Some are blessed with it; others are cursed by it. Which are you I ask? The dragon has its appeal, it can be kind. It talks to you.

"Will you be good and take care today?" or
"Will you destroy this eve?"

Always when the sun rises I ask: "Can I rid myself of the dragon?"

For now, I ride the dragon.



GEORGE AND THE JOURNEY TO HIS HEART

This is a story about a spirited boy named George who lived a long time ago. George was always curious about what the people in his Village were up to. He spent much of his time eaves-dropping on grown-up conversations about the Dragon that dwelled in a cave near their Village.

The Villagers were often in a debate about what to do about the Dragon and all the water he took from the Village. They discussed many different ways of how they could slay the Dragon. Some wanted to use a sword, others wanted to use a bow and arrow, and others still wanted to use Greek Fire (For those of you who are not Greek, or mythology geeks, Greek Fire is an ancient green fire that burns a million times faster and stronger than regular fire).

Well, anyway, all this talk always got George incredibly excited. He would try to join in and share his ideas, just to be laughed at and shooed away to go play with the other children. George didn't like this at all, and one day he decided this would be that last time he got teased. George, being spirited, felt like he was a very powerful boy and, so ... he set off to slay the Dragon ... himself.

George was feeling quite powerful even as he journeyed alone through the dark forest in search of the Dragon's cave. But something very magical was about to change the course George was on ... something that George never would have imagined.

As George continued on his journey, he came across the most peaceful and beautiful thing he had ever seen. There, sitting completely still, on the forest floor was the most magnificent fairy. (George had heard stories about fairies many times, but to see one ... now that was breathtaking!)

George was so intrigued by the peaceful feeling that entered his heart as he watched the fairy sit, that he was overcome by an overwhelming urge to sit in just the same way... So, he did. And he sat, and he sat, and they sat and they sat.

After some time, George began to feel the vengeful anger to slay the Dragon leave his Heart. George still felt powerful, however. Except now he felt the power of LOVE. He could feel that love

spreading far and wide. Not only through the forest, but to his village ... and not only to HIS village, but to all villages. And eventually, he could feel LOVE for all beings ... everywhere. And yes, to his surprise, that included the Dragon.

George certainly did begin a Journey that day, he began the Journey to his Heart. Everyday from that day on he took time to sit, and feel, and spread the love from his heart. This is how George began to be known as the Wise One ... and he "would" be the one to save the village. Except, he would save the Villagers from themselves. He would help them to heal their hearts too and Learn to Love ... yes, they would learn to love all beings ... and someday ... that would even mean loving the Dragon.

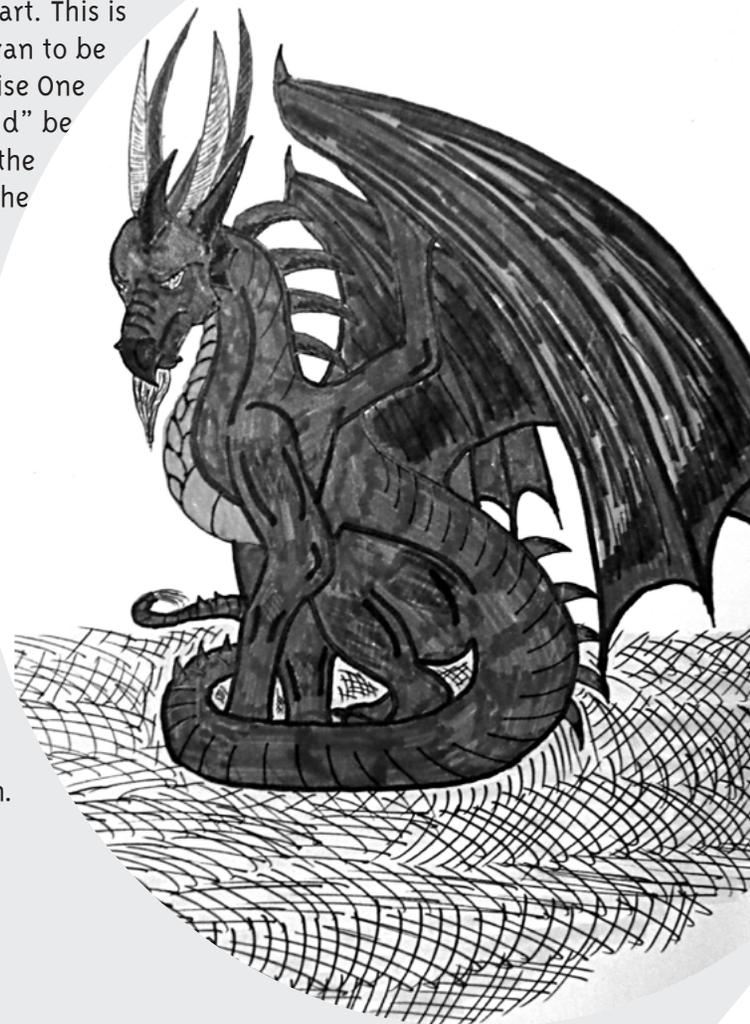
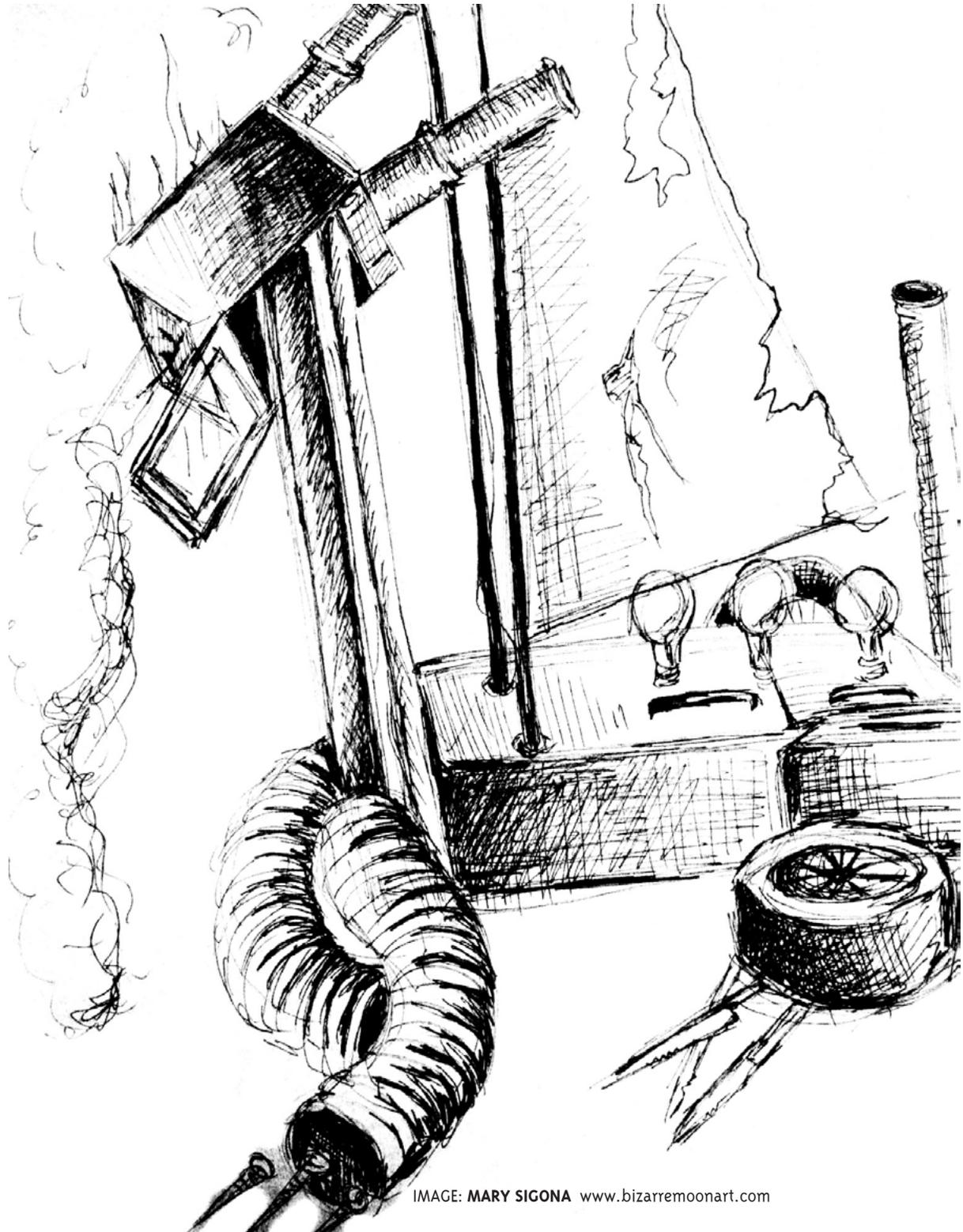


IMAGE: JOSEPHINE SENESE

PONDEROSA PINE

I saw the boy enter the forest
He looked as if he was in deep thought
I have not spoken in a hundred years so I indulged
As the boy came closer I said hello I'm ponderosa pine
He stopped and looked startled so I continued
Do you see how tall I am with my
many arms full of green
I am the father of this forest
I have watched the beetles stop
and eat my gray pinecones
My sons and daughters will live no more
But my forest is strong nonetheless
I have heard the coyotes hit notes
so pure and beautiful I thought
I was listening to a flute maker's
prize instrument
I have watched
the mountains flow above the desert
I welcome the shining blankets
of rain through the moon's eye
I have watched the juniper tree grip itself
to the sandstone and grow.
The boy listened in wonder
I have seen the hawks and eagles
swirl lazily out beyond the
rim of the mesa and climb
into the blue vault of the sky
One day you will see how old I am
by my rings and know that I
spoke the truth





"We R all lonely clay people & dragons, rubbing up against each other for warmth"
-Phoebe Blue & the Make Believees

"One only understands the thing that one loves"
-The Little Prince



"The Staten Island ferry is powered by dragons"
-Gigatherbs

Let's talk this over
coffee @ the E.T.G.
& listen to Yeti & the acquaintances play!



"Don't hate me cause I know how 2 do it"
-yeti

The Acquaintances:

P.Blue 'B

Its a treacherous road traveling the webs of ones own mind, oh why dont you give it a rest?"

RIDGES MOVES TO A NEW VILLAGE

“R-I-I-I-DGES!!”

squealed his green best friend, Fireball. “I am going to miss you.” Fireball’s bingles glittered as he moved.

“You are my bestest best friend!” The two of them flobbled and boinked their tails in frustration. “Zzeezzee!” Bonk.

“My Dad says we will be moving two mountains over. I guess so we can sit between them or something like that. He says it’s a deeper space there and we’re gonna need it.” And Ridges thinks about his two orange and purple sisters. How’d they get so big? Those silly bubblers are always laughing. But they are worried too.

Fireball, Ridges’ best friend, is his closest brother. “When I move, I’m gonna lose my bestest beebee bobbins bobo!” he ginkled.

“R-I-I-I-DGES” echoing wobbling ‘cross. Fireball winced and nodded, brow furrowed as wrinkles described his feelings.

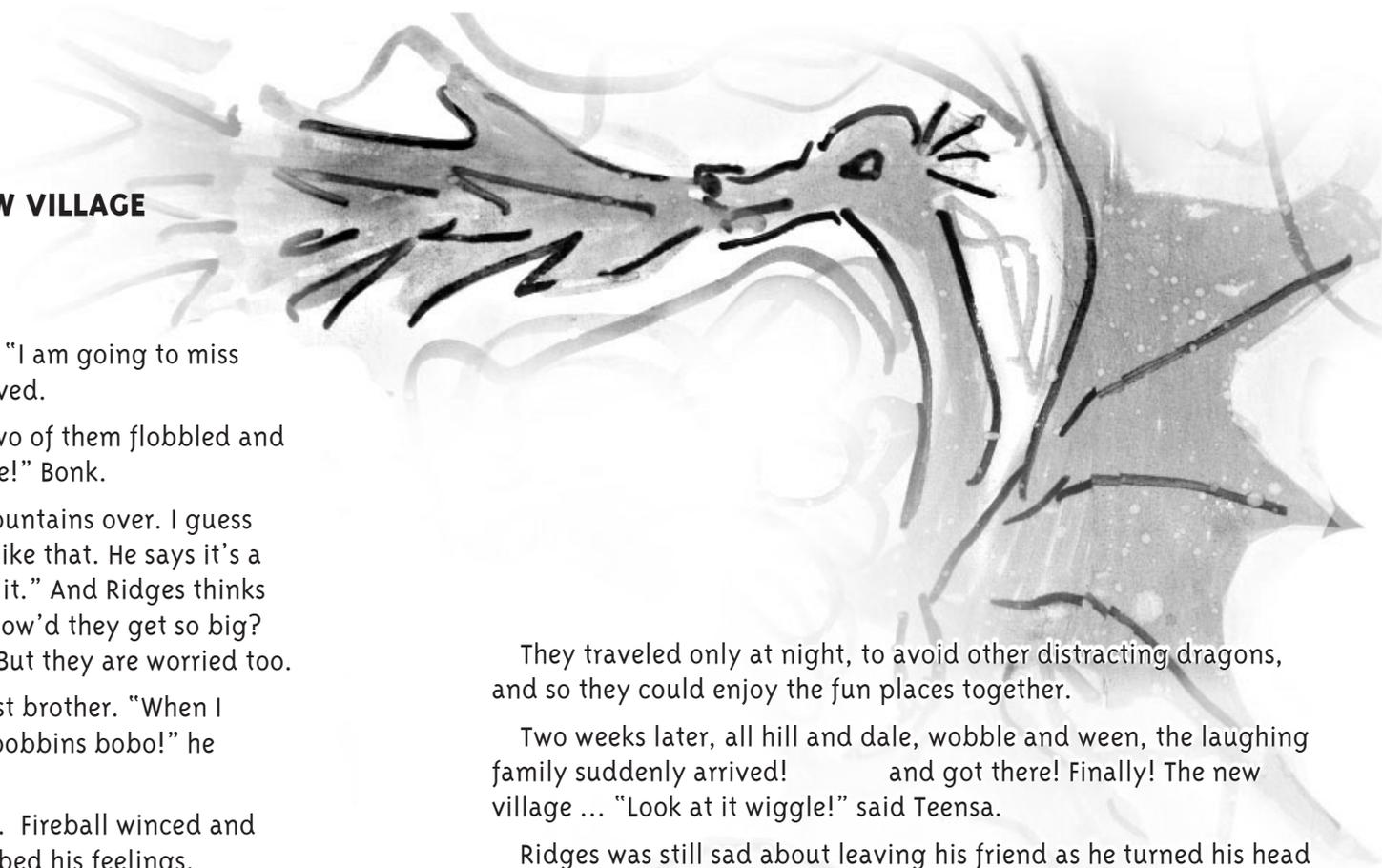
Ridges turned. “I have to ... go ... now,” he slumped. off, tears coming out his eyes.

He hated crying; when he cried it rained on his extremely tall sisters and they would dance to avoid it.

He wingled over to where his family was waiting all pfloofy and ready to go.

His mother gargled “You are always vanishing.”

His father with that big novelty moustach floated Ridges’ two very large sisters *WHEEE* up to his back. And onward they trekked, glangle glangle, to the new village.



They traveled only at night, to avoid other distracting dragons, and so they could enjoy the fun places together.

Two weeks later, all hill and dale, wobble and ween, the laughing family suddenly arrived! and got there! Finally! The new village ... “Look at it wiggle!” said Teensa.

Ridges was still sad about leaving his friend as he turned his head to look — and there in front of him was ... orange spots and glasses with wings! — it’s Fireball’s father!

“What?” Ridges burped a large ball of fire coiling in the air. But there are TWO coils of fire — Fireball is there!

“My family moved here TOO!” Fireball guffawed.

They played their mostest joyousest game of giggle wheez: making between them sculptural flame shapes that each belly-blast of fire would push and bump the other’s and together they could make shapes like the BubbleMan. Only faster!

The friends are so happy they didn’t lose their friendship and companionship. “And look at those flying houses over there!”



SAINT GEORGE DRAGONS

The sediments that settled in the harbor's bed for the past 813 years slowly swayed, swirled, rose, turning the water from a blueish gray to a coppery brown color. Many years of waste-relics from another era, mankind's wasteful thoughtlessness began to reveal itself again. Metals and rusted steel that are now unidentifiable are being brushed against the rock bottom-harbor bed.

The pressure from the storm surge was becoming stronger. Shards of glass, wood pilings that had become waterlogged were loosening themselves from what was an acceptable part of the Natives' environment. Remnants of ships that decades ago hauled goods from all over the world were becoming dislodged from their muddy prison. Above water line, natives were becoming aware that an event they've never witnessed or read about was about to become a nightmare or a reality. Natives scurried for any item they thought would help them stay alive. Gas. Sand. Generators. Batteries. Lottery tickets. Cell phones. Natives sought out higher ground. People showed their true self. Neighbors helping; caring for each other. With all of these events happening at the same moment, an awakening began.

Darkness fell. They say there was a full moon though no one saw it. No one. Rain poured. Winds of hurricane strengths blew. In between the bedrock and the harshness laid undisturbed eggs — eggs that were awakened from their incubation for centuries; Eggs that moaned, "free us.....free us". Ancestor of creatures we called dragon. St. George dragons. Real.....live.....St. George dragon's eggs. Many centuries have passed and mankind's recollection of these loving creatures became folklore; tales that became further and further from the truth.

Below water a Z-shaped crack appeared on 2, then 6 of these precious eggs. Within an hour's time, over 171 eggs began to hatch. Little dragons began their rise to the top of the surface. Darkness to natives but these loving creatures were able to put light in the darkness. Their eyes glowed a warm, firefly yellow through the murky waters. Hundreds of eyes shone so brightly that they became a beacon for those that sought comfort. Their energy became the catalyst for pushing natives to rise above the stagnant, lifelessness they've been accustomed to living.





Sun laid under cloudy skies the next morning. Water sogged streets, sidewalks, backyards, rooftops, cars, homes where love dwells were ruined by the storm now called Sandy. Hearts were devastated. Souls screamed. Dreams that were once attainable were now vaporized. Structures that took decades to build were destroyed overnight. Billions of tears were shed.

St. George dragons knew what to do to repair all that was taken away. They had the answer but were unable to give it, pass it on. Now they were able to, since Sandy awakened them. St. George dragons knew that light, whether it was sunlight, moonlight, was a source that renewed all creatures that inhabited the sphere called earth. Earth. Mother Earth. Light. Fire. Wind. Water. Dragons. Love. These are the ingredients that enhance our living world. These are elements that we all need. They scurried upon the shoreline that had changed but instincts led them to a piece of earth where vegetation was bountiful. They nourished there. They felt secure. Other creatures from other parts of the sphere became awakened. Creatures that have abilities to help other's. Abilities to heal. Abilities to nourish other creatures. Abilities to care. Abilities that have been dormant now were visible to all. Eyes and ears opened. Mouths spoke truth. Fear was replaced with love.

St. George dragons colored green, tones of yellow, brown, orange, red, purple, black, white. Every color known. Wings that hugged. Wings that caressed. Wings that have the ability to fly. Their presence gave comfort to all. They were the most loving creatures anyone or any other creature have ever seen or knew. Their love drew a gathering. This gathering accomplished what all beings on this sphere were unable to do.....allow all creatures, great and small.....show respect for all forms of life.

Many natives sat in silence, stunned, numbed by the destruction that came upon their shores. Many more rose up to offer their hands, hearts and minds to ease the loss many endured.

St. George dragons were and 'til this day are so full of

love and energy that whenever they pass by, natives let go of any stress or fears they have knowing that there is always light within them to move forward and to reveal their real purpose is to help other natives live in peace.

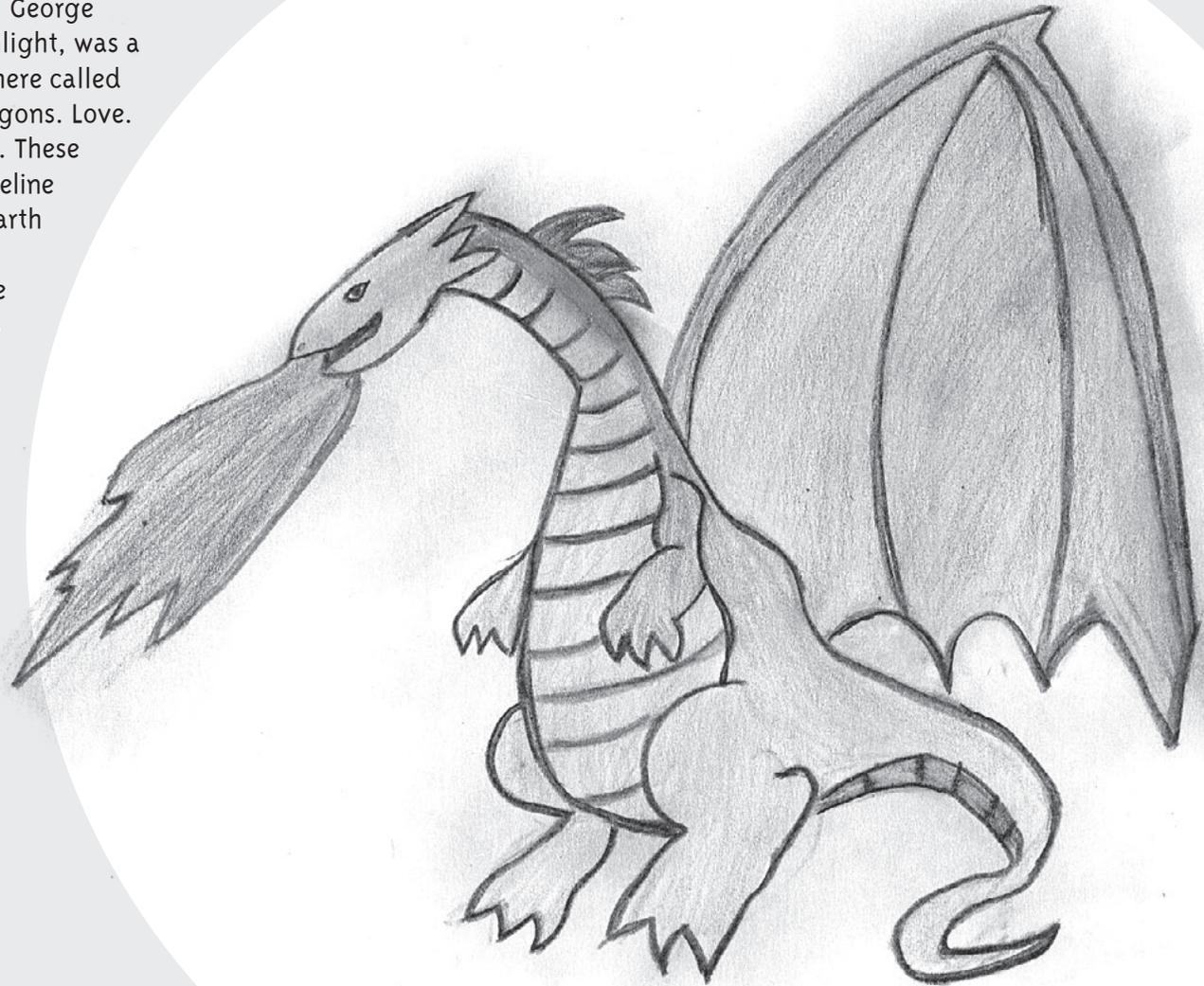


IMAGE: MICHELE GUTIERREZ

MARGUERITE MARIA RIVAS

THE MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE GENII OF THE ISLAND

for George

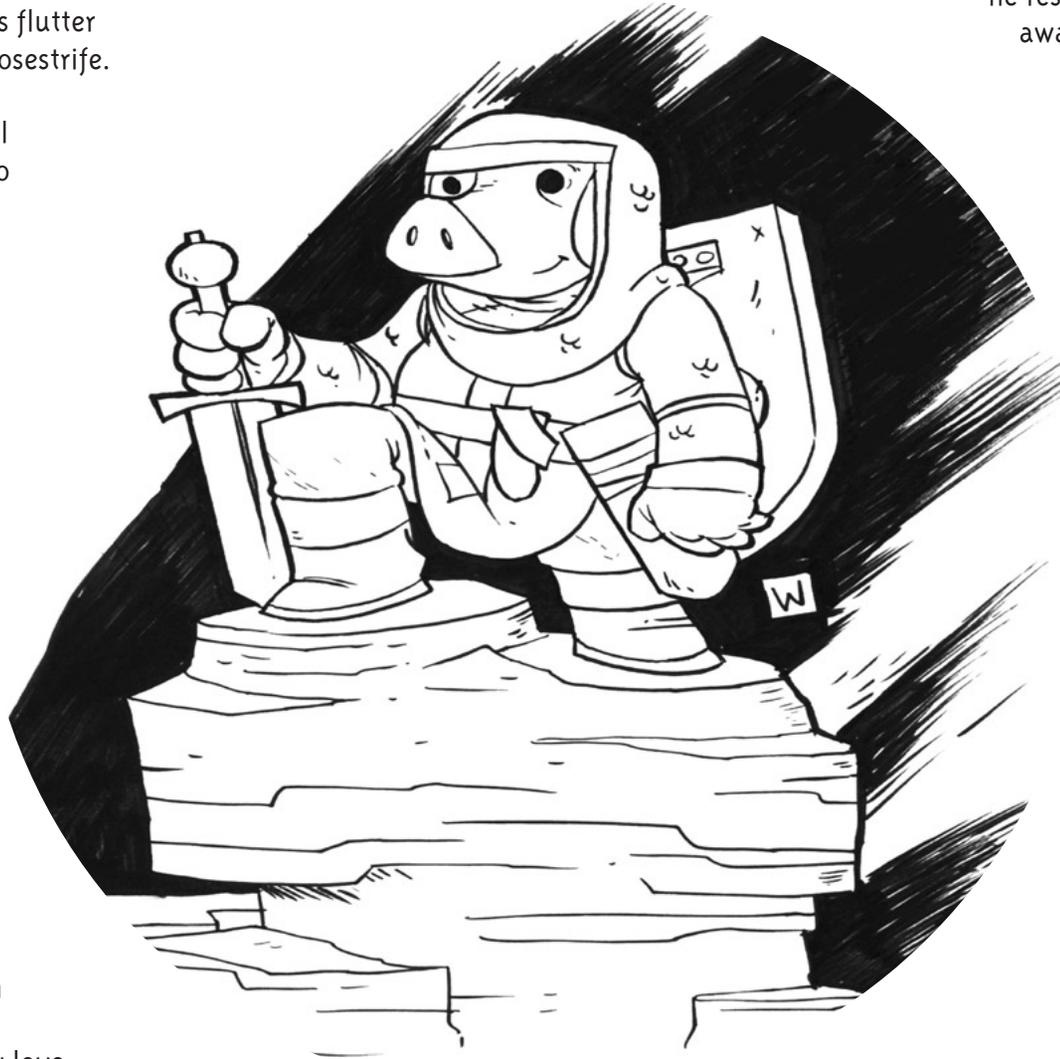
My love is the saltmarsh
where butterflies flutter
and light on purple loosestrife.

Empurpled is the soul
of my love where far too
still stand white oak
in the meadow.

Rigid like hardened
steel from an ancient
foundry fueled by
mystical fires
deep and unyielding
still and sad is the heart
of my true love.

Sometimes my love
is ancient steel
piercing my heart
to the beat of the bellows
in that country of dragons
and wise women
with girlish
hearts aflame.

In springtime,
the delicate cocoon
of the silkworm
is the home of my love.



When springtime beckons,
he rests a while and hides
away in that tiny kingdom
of white silk spun
by the winding and inching
of tiny green worm bodies.

Cicadae drums lull my love
to sleepy desire
as he rests on the forest
floor with acorns and twigs

not seen by anyone save
an ambling traveler dreaming
of springtime peace and birdsong

not spied lounging there
burrowed into the Island soil
except
by one who loves him
as she does the genii
of the sweet saltmarsh,
silken cocoon, and loosestrife—
which she conjures in
the harbor breeze.



IMAGE: SCOTT WEGENER

JENNY LYTTON-HIRSCH

SEARCHING FOR QUENCHING

'Twas long ago in Tompkinsville
That all was quiet, peaceful and still
Until one day a dragon did seek
A watering hole or a gurgling creek

To quench her thirst
resulting from
the burning red flames
passing over her tongue

She sauntered in
quite optimistic
And was surprised to find
people quite antagonistic

They felt the need to
protect their village
from a dragon they thought
came to burn and to pillage.

The dragon, bewildered,
was getting upset

where is that fountain to
drink and get wet?

Dragon was thrashing and
searching in bushes

while townfolk saved water
to wipe their tushes

"We need you, we need you"
the townie relayed

to St. George 'cuz they wanted
that big dragon slayed.

"This is wrong, this is wacky,
we should not fight,

There must be another way
to make things right."

So, they called a town meeting
to brainstorm a way

to relate to the dragon that
came there that day

'Twas a young girl who suggest-
ed they put down their shield

And find new ways to make the
bold dragon yield

"She's hot, she's sweltering,
can't you see?"

She wants to cool down with
a glass of iced tea"

The people they pointed
to Victory and Bay

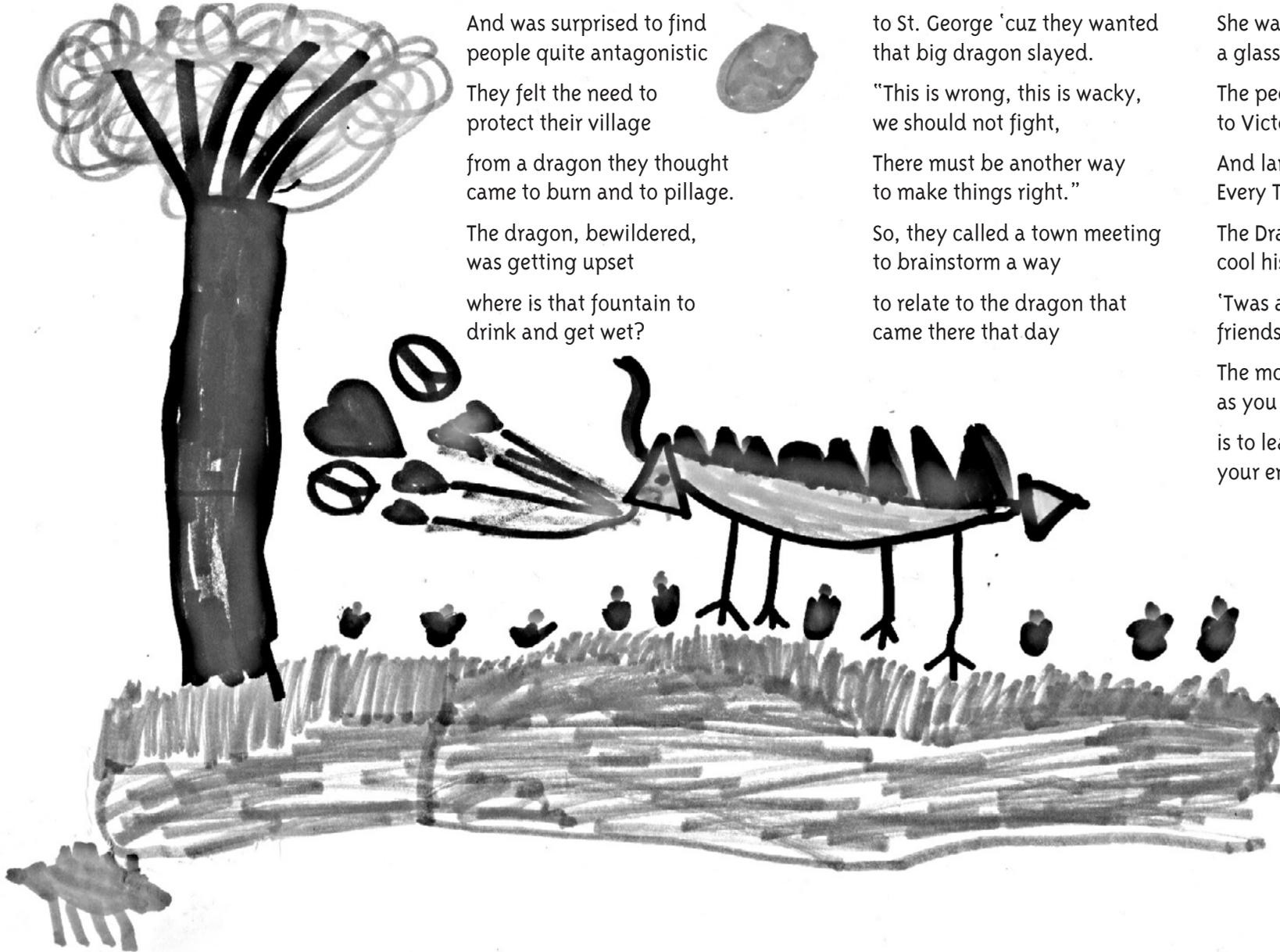
And landed at
Every Thing Goes Cafe

The Dragon did sit and
cool his face down

'Twas able to stay and make
friends in the town

The moral of this story
as you may see,

is to learn to invite
your enemy to tea!



24 ACRES

Once upon a time there were four farmers looking for land. The first farmer had lost his land, the second farmer was pressured to sell his land, the third was a twenty-five year old new generation farmer, and the last one was denied access to land. They lived in a time where all the land in the entire world was owned by someone or something, and sadly they could not find any place to grow food and raise animals.

One day they got word of a twenty-four acre farm inherited by a traveling lawyer who wanted to sell it all. The farmers came from different backgrounds and had very different personalities. They had several things in common; one was the love of agriculture. They all had the understanding of how hard the work was and the appreciation of what the land could possibly create; food, family and community relationships, health, identity, wisdom and more! The four farmers wanted the twenty-four acres badly. Each had her or his ideas about what to do with the land. The farmers tried to outbid each other to get the twenty-four acres, arguing and fighting with each other until they ran themselves ragged.

They spent so much time against each other, trying to hinder the other some kind of way whether by words or actions. But, suddenly the traveling lawyer said, "I don't think any of you are getting my mother's farm. I was just offered a nice sum, one where I can travel free for a whole year, and buy airport food at the same time! Ha! I'm sorry but I'm going to take the deal". The farmers looked at each other stunned. "Who bought the farm?" They talked amongst themselves and concluded that a company had bought the land. It's a shame, they all thought, there's too much good fertile soil to grow food in, not build on top of! The farmers were really upset and each started to go his or her own way.

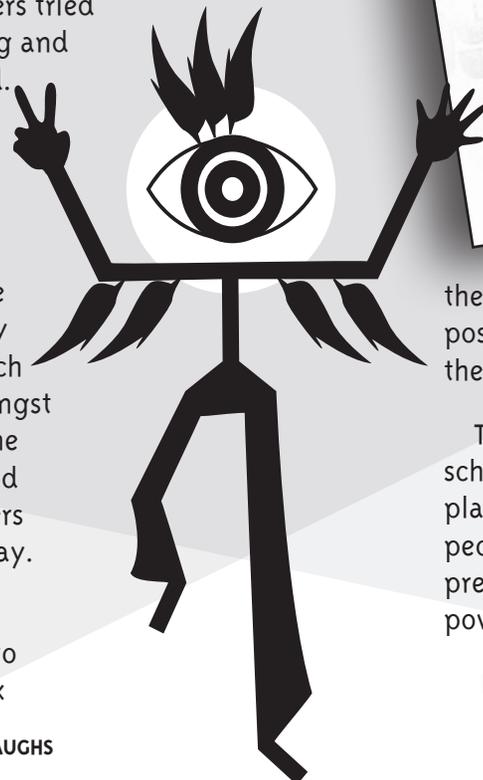
The second farmer said, "Wait now just a minute! Let's stop arguing and fighting and pool our money together to buy that farm. We each can split it and each of us gets six



acres of land!" They all smiled at the same time. With their money put together and a conversation about the positive and inescapable impact of farmers and farmland, the traveling lawyer gave them the farm.

This story is told at many breakfast and dinner tables, school lunch tables, farmers and mobile markets and other places as well. It has survived generations, reminding people that compromising and sharing, especially a precious resource like land, can lead to solutions that have powerful reverberating effects.

Happy Earth Day! ★



IRA GOLDSTEIN

THE SHARING DRAGON

Dragons do not like to share
They snort, throw fire in the air,
They would like to bite you right in half
or at least, eat your thigh and calf.

But one, a certain George,
no longer likes to gorge
on other people's parts;
He's all heart!

If he has something, half is yours!

How did that happen to
gentle George?

A mystery,
that has a quirky history:

One day when George was so sick
he felt like dying
a boy passed by and
saw him crying
squeezed his hand
rubbed his tummy with healing pine
kept on rubbing until he was fine.

Despite desire for some meat
he let the boy stand by his feet
and asked what he would like to eat.
George had some thighs and
half an adult calf
but the boy was a vegetarian!

Later that day when George tried greens
He felt the happiest he'd ever been
He thanked the boy so graciously
the boy stayed with George
and taught him Tai Chi.

The dragon fell the first few times
but now he flows, his eyes half closed
he is at peace
in every pose.

Now that George eats balanced meals
and has learned to meditate,
he is feeling oh so great!
His life's become so cool
and breezy,
sharing has been coming easy.



IMAGE: JOYCE GOLDSTEIN

BROOKE HARAMIJA

THE PATH

Once there was a man, just a man, who walked a path. Sometimes, the path was bathed in bright light, other times the thick, gnarled branches grew closely intertwined and it was easy to trip over the dark stones that were cracked and missing, empty and cold.

It seemed the path got harder to travel as he walked, fighting the branches, ripping through them with his raw hands only to find more pop up in front of his face. He stumbled and fell, scratched and bloody, a dozen times, but stubbornly rose again to walk forward anew.

He met another man, just a man, along the troubled path, and they wordlessly traveled side by side, ripping the branches together, picking each other up as they stumbled and faltered.

When the branches grew so thick and strong the light was gone and the path was no longer visible, they stopped. They struggled. They pondered. They pushed. They sweated. They sunk deeper into the muddy path. They looked left, then right, then up, then down.

They eventually noticed a small shadowed beam of light high above them, shaded through the heavy overgrowth.

The bigger man slowly knelt down and put his knee in the dirt and held out his hands. He braced and hoisted the smaller one towards the light, who reached up like a starving man towards it, his calloused hands pulling and pulling at it until he worked a hole open and pushed his head through.

He stared, and saw the orange and pink sunrise, the clear, winding path illuminated through the rays of light that danced off the silver stones. He felt the heat and hope across his face.

He forced the rest of his aching body through the brambles and fell on the hot stones, blinking up towards the bright sky. He took a deep breath and reached his bloodied hand carefully downward and clasped the arm of his brother, who was then born through the labored opening.

They sat for a moment and caught their breath. They rose, and brushed their bruised selves off, and slowly walked forward together into the rising sun.

A new day is dawning. A new path emerges.
The auspicious journey is about to begin.



IMAGE: SCOTT LOBAIDO



REBECCA MOORE FREY

THE TIME IS NOW

I feel the sun shining down on me
I smell the forest and the sea
I love nature in harmony
I love life
It makes me feel free
I see the moon's glow silver light
I watch the stars twinkling in the night
I spot a rainbow after stormclouds fight
I love life
There is magic everywhere
But people!
If we don't see what we have done
Correct it now, everyone
If we don't stop having so much fun
Take care of the Earth, take action
If we don't do something soon
God may change His friendly tune
Darkness will fill up the skies
The ground will shake
Nowhere to fly
The time is now
The time is here
No time left for doubt or fear
The time is now
The time is at hand
If tomorrow we want to see
This beautiful land

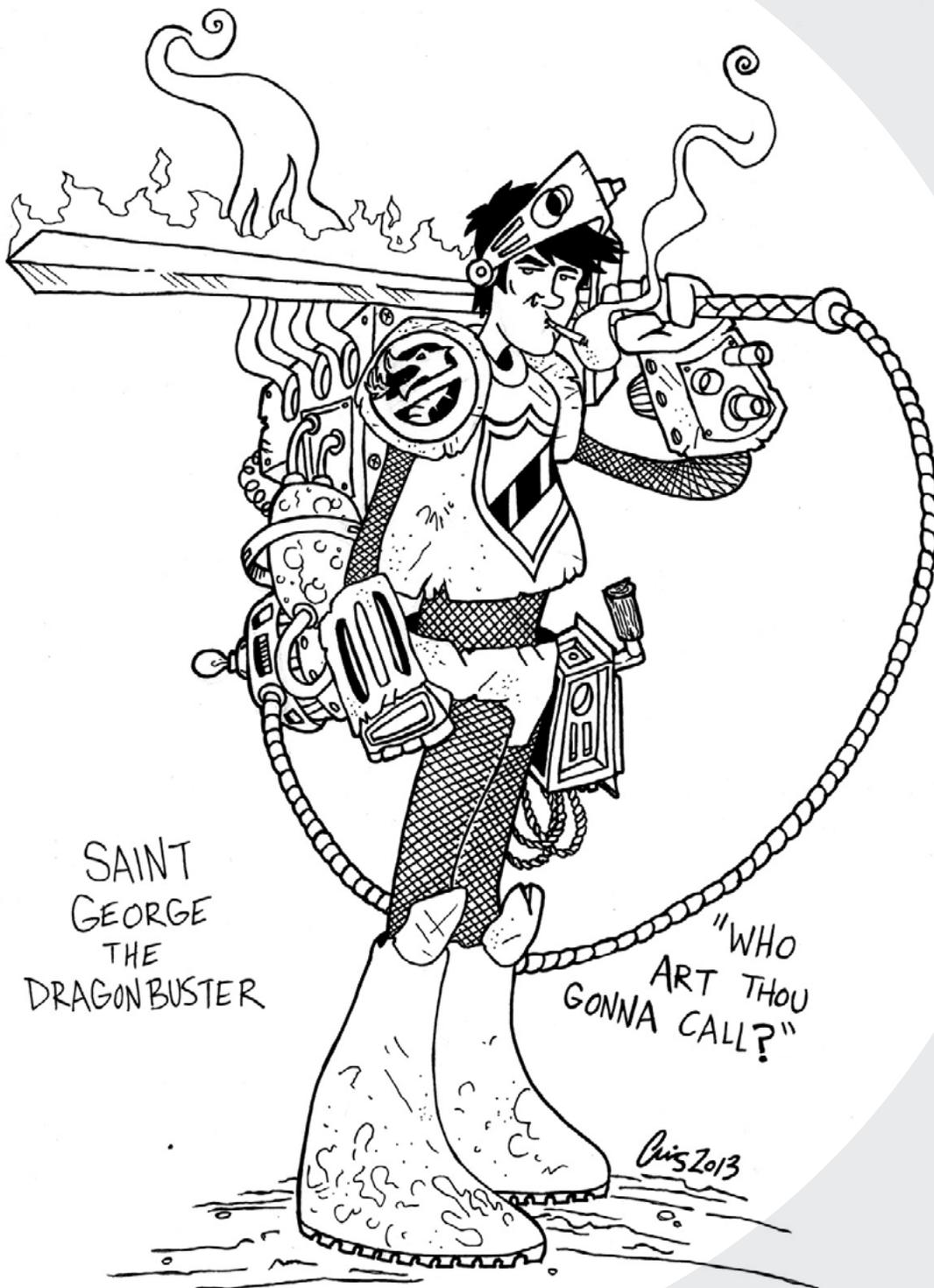


IMAGE: CHRIS SORRENTINO



DO YOU REMEMBER GEORGE?

Do you remember, George?

You were dreaming in a dream. A dream in which a Dragon captured your mind, like a moth to a flame, and in you fell. Do you remember me, George? But in this dreaming within the dream, something else happened, George. Your eyes went into a cloud of shimmering smoke from that phoenix burning lamp in the jewel chest and you got very suddenly, sleepier ... and so sleepy that you fell, into another dream. Further from me this deeper dream within the dream within the dream, *this* one is populated by damsels in distress, colorful geometric damsels glittering in wild layered gowns, calling you, George, to save them from The Dragon.

Which dragon, George?

And then running with expectation to help them, the conch shell in the temple, and that impish mechanic's winking grimace, and you stumbled, over your feet, and fell through the magic mirror *hidden there*, a magic mirror that rippled like water as you passed through it with the sound. You remember the sound. And there, now in front of you, twitching at a large machine with many buttons, switches and sliders, clicking and purring, *someone* shrouded in a mysterious cape of shifting colors and pointy edges, suddenly whirled around ZIP! and gazing at you with those amazing eyes, shocked, and WHOOSH! you can see, it's YOU, George! Looks exactly like — it IS you. Do you remember that? And the other You looking saying "I need you Dragon, come home" reaches like a bird fast ZING! touching your forehead with his fingertip like a pin pricking a tight balloon, the electric shock of his touch enters you, and a *soul door* opened and you, you were pulled through. Remember???

Here now, George. It's my voice you hear now. I am someone you used to know. For you, it was in a far-away dream, many levels over and over. I captured you George, but you dropped away. I need you to come back up, George, I need you to wake up, up and up and up, up towards where I am now, waiting for me. I need me back again. ★

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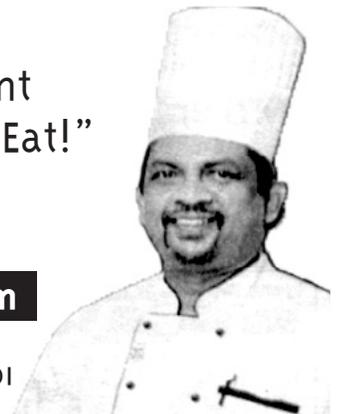
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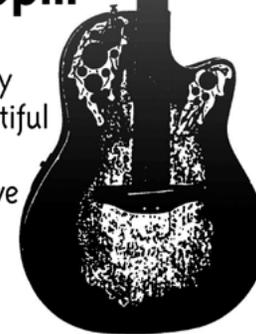
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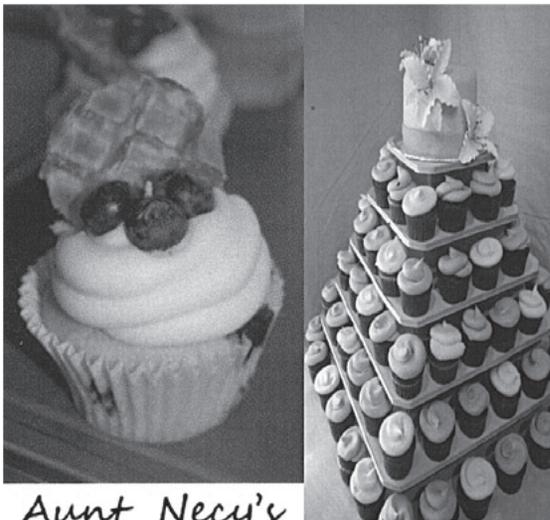
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